But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome.
Mother good night indeed, this Counseller
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaves,
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on us a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet?*

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseene good old man.

King. O heavie deed!
It had been so with us had we been there,
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
Ore whom his very madnesse, like some Ore

Among

Among a minerall of metall
Shewes it selfe pure, a weep
King. Gertrard come aw
The Sunne no sooner shall t
But we will ship him hence
We must with all our Maje
Both countenance and excu
Friends both, goe joine wit
Hamlet in madnesse hath
And from his mothers clos
Goe seeke him out, speake
Into the Chappell; I pray
Come *Gertrard*, wee'll ca
And let them know both w
And what's untimely done
Whose whisper ore the wo
As levell as the Cannon to
Transports his poysoned s
And hit the woundlesse ai
My soule is full of discord

Enter Hamle

Ha. Safely stow'd: but
O here they come.

Ros. What have you d

Ham. Compounded it

Ros. Tell us where 'tis
And beare it to the Chap

Ham. Doe not belee

Ros. Beleeve what?

Ham. That I can keep
sides, to bee demanded
made by the sonne of a K

Ros. Take you me for

Ha. I sir, that sokes u
authorities: but such Of
he keeps them like an a
to be last swallowed; w
. but squeesing you, and